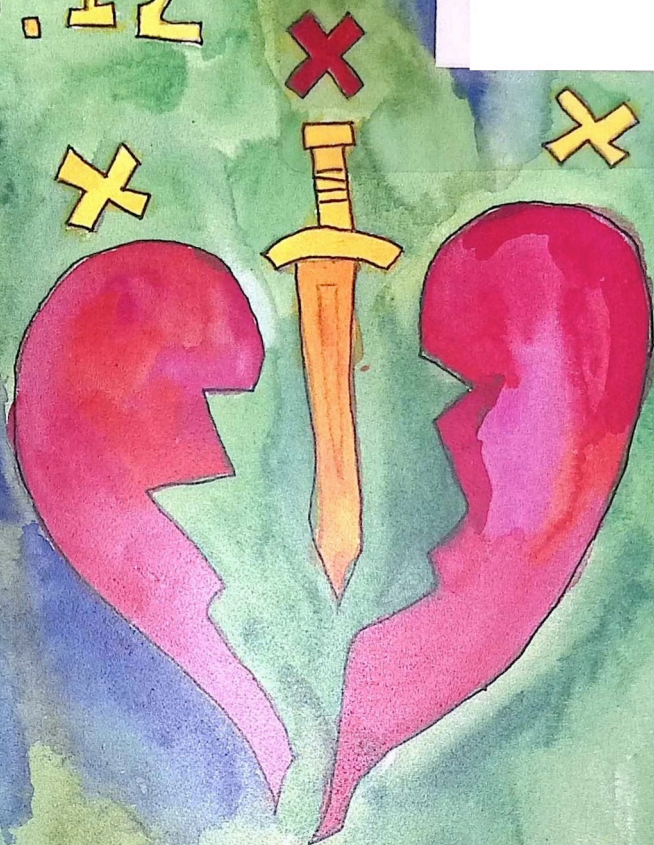
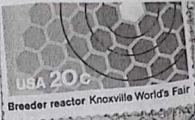


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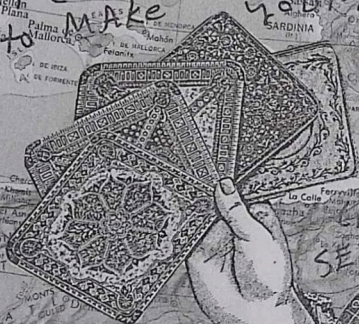


A KNIFE STABBED INTO THE HEART
OF MEDIOCRITY
"ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES"
SOUTH KNOXVILLE ILLUMINATED
GAZETTEER!!!

SOUTH KNOXXVILLE ILLUMINATED GAZETTEER NUMBER TWELVE



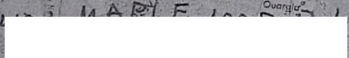
THE SOUTH KNOXXVILLE ILLUMINATED GAZETTEER is pleased to be HERE. THIS IS INFORMATIVE & VITAL TO ALL COMMUNICATION IS PLEASED TO MAKE your acquaintance.



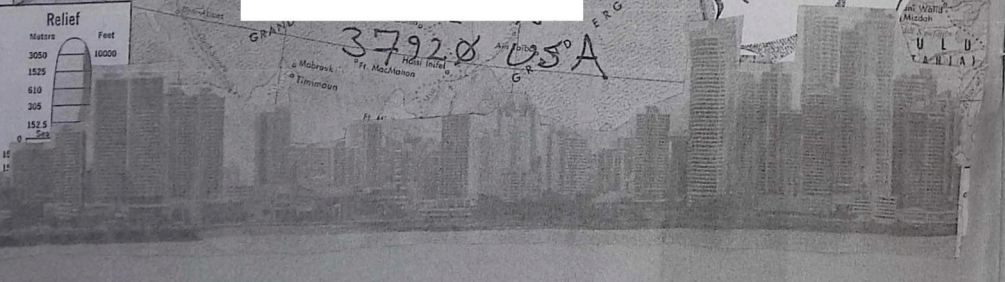
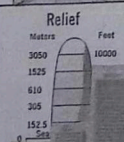
TAKE YOUR CHANCES THROW THE CARDS LET'S SEE WHAT YOU MADE OF.

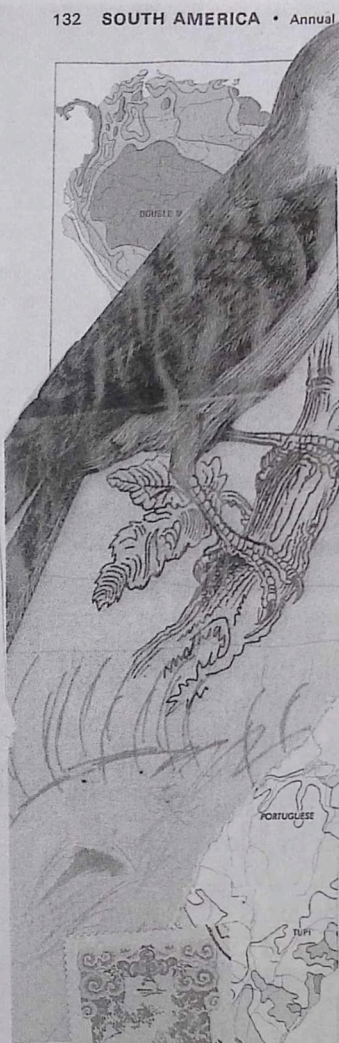
Used to LIVE HERE
THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT
CONTINUED reader ship

ALL CORRESPONDANCE



37920 USA





↓ STANT HERE ↓

Fall smells and colors coming on strong. Rain coming on stronger 9.75 inches above normal wind blowing five to seven knots from the west. Overcast mackerel sky portends a low pressure system and rain to follow. The air has a new bite and lingering humidity. People are anxious. I sure as hell am.

Canoeing out at the Forks of the River, memories flood back of Church Camps, Scout Trips, and my own Grand Portage into the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of Minnesota.

Forks of the River are so named because of the confluence of the Holston and French Broad Rivers. Forming the headwaters of the Little Tennessee River, this is farmland. Rolling hills and wide open fields perfect for livestock and simple farming. Now this land is something different. The Cow pastures are barren, an asphalt plant and industrial rock quarry have marred the landscape the fragrances of industry can be likened to a smoking fecal sandwich, forced to eat in gulps and gasps. The water is dirty and impenetrable; flotsam and trash clutter the viscous landscape. That said,

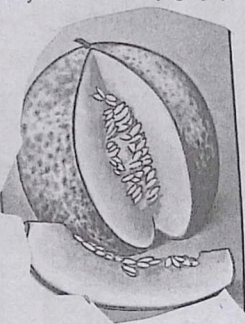
218 D.



■ Metropolitan areas with population of 1,000,000 or more
 ■ Metropolitan areas 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 Population

Industrial areas

HEAD.—Copy of a replica of Fowler's 1865 model. A
in the Victorian era, Phrenology claimed knowledge
for through an analysis of cranial topography. Ce-
Whitman re-
ical readings
reaffirmed
made them
he science's
e and nega-
its were de-
g the skulls
ists and art-
d criminals.
ry asserted
locations of
d with par-
and emo-
blandness,
etiveness,
ll above oft-used locations will swell. Phrenology
—the art of reading personality types through
n theories of cerebral localizations of behavior.
trajectory of neuroscience moved from mapping
ty, to cranial structure, to the cerebral cortex itself.



paddling up river with an acceptable
female companion (Elizabeth Wright) I
am overcome with the wonder of
seeing something for the first time,
from a different view. People walk the
shoreline waving, occasional
motorcraft lumber by, slowing their
wake as they pass, waving. Everybody
loves a canoe. The air is often fresh and
clear with the smell of kudzu blossoms.



Voices

You never know what your gonna find on a canoe ride. So far I've seen: Herons, Kingfishers, Crows, Turtles, Snakes, Egrets, and a River Otter out by Ijams. Now I should describe the wildlife's grace and beauty, their fragile ecosystems threatened with rapacious carnal development, but I won't bore you that easily. Other sightings include: a board with a nail in it, a rather large and confused Koi Fish – gasping and sucking for air the way an old “lunger” on their last leg fights to live, floating basketballs (go figure), Medicine Bottles, Refrigerator, and the hull of a boat that's definitely seen better days. Once, as we were paddling along the still and sullen waters of South Knoxville we cautiously approached a floating “log”. Our vision was somewhat obscured by haze and

SALES, ENRICO CAPPA
PRICE ON
TUB WOOSTER
5500, 5500



Auntie Genoa Keawe Singer. At 87, has 12 children, 38 grandchildren, more than 50 great-grandchildren and 25 great-great-grandchildren. Has recorded more than 20 albums. Started playing the ukulele at age 7. Never surled. Has been singing at the Waikiki Beach Marriott Resort and Spa for 20 years. Favorite song: "Embraceable You."



Frank and Doris Chadima from Pittsburgh, live in Oahu four months a year. Married 42 years. Sunbathed at Waikiki and the beach where "From Here to Eternity" was filmed. "We tried the clinch," Frank says, "but Doris doesn't like sand in her hair." Like happy-hour bars: their favorite bartender calls them "the Frank and Doris Show."

the lateness of the day, paying it no serious mind we approached. What had seemed to be tree limbs were starting to appear slippery and furry/matted. Obviously they were the forepaws. The bloated log was actually an animal of some sort possibly decapitated. It's swollen/bloated drum tight stomach provided more than adequate buoyancy. Mercifully, as long as the "belly" remained intact the smell was negligible. Small favor.....Elizabeth was horrified, I was amused; of course pictures were taken to be posted online.....hey checkout my new facebook profile photo.

"The bloated mass of hair and flesh bobbed and swayed in the effervescent twilight of evening time; the mute river merely a conduit for the flotsam and jetsam of both life and death. Flies, greedily clung to gain purchase in their brave new world as these humble, desiccated remains were escorted downstream to a resting place both final and complete." – Quoted from, *Olde Jims Place* the surprising upcoming novel by acclaimed sports columnist Carl R. Mckirby.

DO YOU
HAVE ONE? →

My canoe was purchased along the great and mighty "Worlds Longest Yardsale". The WLY is one of the seven ancient wonders of Tennessee. Indeed the Yardsale itself harkens back to the prehistoric days of Highway 127. Notice the three numbers signifying this ancient roadway. These numbers are deeply symbolic to Native American culture and Christian mysticism as well for reasons too obvious to explain in detail to you uneducated heathens. The Grande Yard Sale, as "olde tymers" call it begins in the mighty headwaters of the Ohio River and slowly snakes itself (think giant anaconda squeezing every last hard earned red cent you've earned and trading it for an "antique" wagon wheel made in China) slowly inexorably towards the Gulf of Mexico. The WLY finally ends in Mobile, Alabama. It is rumored that off shore trafficking in goods and services is one the rise, however regulation in illegal activity is nonexistent.

Bonnie Johnson Merchant seaman. Poses with parrots for tourists. Favorite movie: "Titanic." Regular churchgoer. Likes rock 'n' roll. "I'm too old to have a dream. I'm 67."



Swileen Salomon and Annette Semens Cousins and students. After school, like to cruise for boys. Don't surf. Favorite musician: the rapper T.I. Want to go to California. Annette would like to be a singer. Swileen hopes to be a model and then a bartender.

← CITIZENS OF →
THE GREATER South
KNOXVILLE COLLECTIVE
← SHARE THEIR →
LIFE - DREAMS

**The Worlds Longest Yardsale is held
annually from August 6th thru 9th.
Plan your adventure now!**

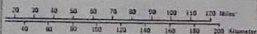
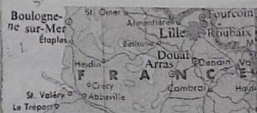
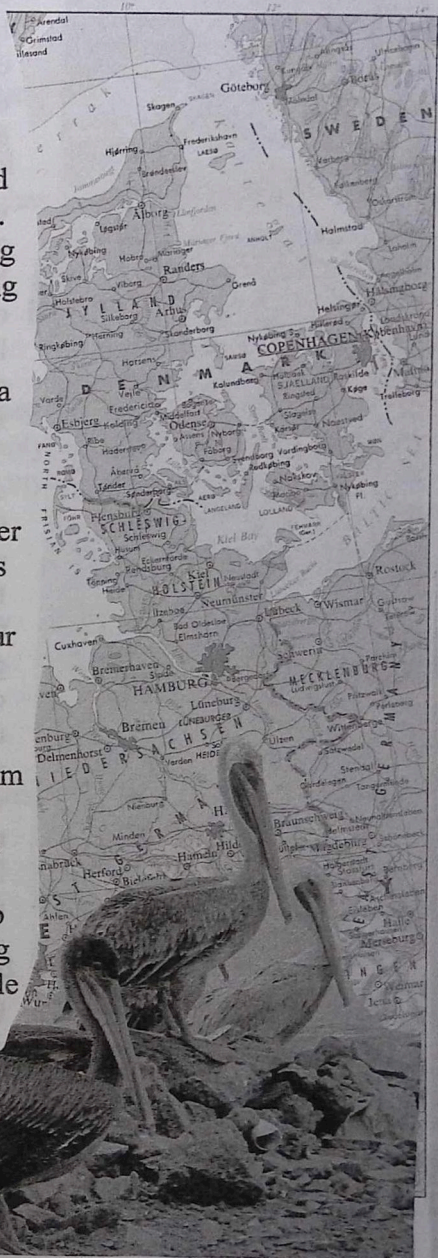
It was with great anticipation, anxiety, and dare I say it hope that my friend Jeff Smith and I left his home early in the morning to try our luck and venture forth into the great black market vortex of the Worlds Longest Yard Sale. Jeff's loving wife gave us a great heartfelt farewell with hugs and adieus she outfitted us with a pail of Biscuits and a Thermos of Coffee. Loading up the Silver 1992 Volvo 240 DL Station Wagon we made ready to heave ourselves onto the highways that would take us to our rendezvous with destiny.

I think of the Grande Yard Sale as a fertile economic savannah filled with merchandise as rich and varied as a bouquet of wildflowers freshly harvested from the heart of the darkest wilderness. Indeed, it was to be true. We drove in the misty early morning light listening to the vast quiet of the rolling hills and the hum of the trusty four cylinder engine. Munching biscuits and drinking coffee we make the turn onto the Highway that will lay bare all our hopes and dreams. We pull



off at every opportunity to gawk and fondle flower pots, ancient coca-cola signs, and mighty Buddha's imported from far away Indochina and Siam. The yardsale is crammed with dealers tents at every corner. The sun is up and rising the temperatures starting to soar. We stumble into one outpost, expecting prices to be low, but we are dead wrong despite the dire economic situation prices for somebody else's old photo album has more than tripled. We sigh a collective "Oh Shit". The hawker at this stand is a roly polly character from South Carolina. "NO LOOKIE NO FINDIE" he screams and rants over and over to each passers-by. He comes complete with blue over-alls, watch chain and authentic straw-hat. Get your yard-sale action hero today, don't delay. Pull the string and here him hawk, watch him talk and try to sell you something you don't need, buy him today.

Lunch-time finds me and my boy, Jeff Smith camped out in church cemetery eating cheese/tomato sandwiches with mustard and drinking cold beers. Beers so cold they got mule bumps on'em. Hell yeah this is living we exclaim with mutual pride. Ice-





cream truck music is playing and a heavily festooned, decorated van comes crawling by. A four-wheeler loaded down with unhelmeted seven-year olds goes whizzing by giving chase to Ice-Cream man in his van. I cringe at the image of those little bodies flying off in all directions over the handle bars.....constant visions of carnage and dismemberment follow me like a plague of biblical locusts. I'm a nurse and a paranoid one at that. God forbid I ever have children myself.

The Cemetery is one of those old ones with the big shade trees; Mighty Oaks who grow tall and twisted with plenty of room for their thick corpulent limbs to stretch out and grab the wind and rain. Never has there been a better place for an easy sack lunch and cold drink. It's with a weary eye we leave this most favored of rest-stops, but the road goes ever on. Like Pilgrims of old we, the devout rejoin our comrades on the Golden Trail of Commerce. We head due South, towards Dunlap, towards the land of promise. Hot and dusty we sift through stacks of postcards, photos, and stacks of old books, dutch ovens, and Coca-Cola signs. Jeff buys a large metal Honey

CARBON EMISSIONS PER PERSON (TONS)

19.8	UNITED STATES
3.7	CHINA
1.0	INDIA
10.8	RUSSIA
10.0	JAPAN
10.2	GERMANY
9.1	UNITED KINGDOM



Bee separator thing. Ostensibly, its for his father, but his dad's already got one. He doesn't use the other one but maybe he'll use this one. I can't argue with that logic. Jeff comes from four generations of Bee-Keepers. A proud and worthy tradition. Keeping bee's has been going on since the founding of Agriculture. Hives are spoken of in ancient texts of Mesopotamia and Greece. Indeed, prehistoric cave paintings in the heart of the Iberian Peninsula depict men harvesting honey from bee trees. Early hives were simply made of woven grasses and mud. In my mind, the rearing of bees is a great milestone of civilization. Much has changed, much has stayed the same.

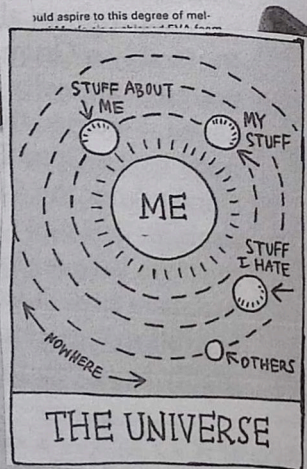
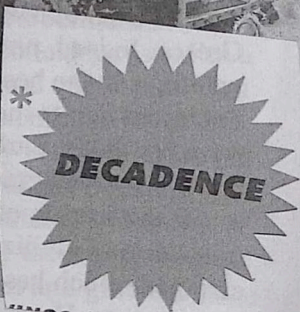
I'm still looking for my canoe, seen a few, but they're all plastic I want an aluminum canoe. Preferably a Grumman, in my mind nothing can really beat a Grumman canoe. I learned this bit o' wisdom first hand in the Great Boundary Waters Canoe Area. As a canoe guide in the summer of 1999 I learned to ply the massive lake region with ten or so scouts in tow. It was an amazing and humbling experience which I will gladly bore you to tears with stories.



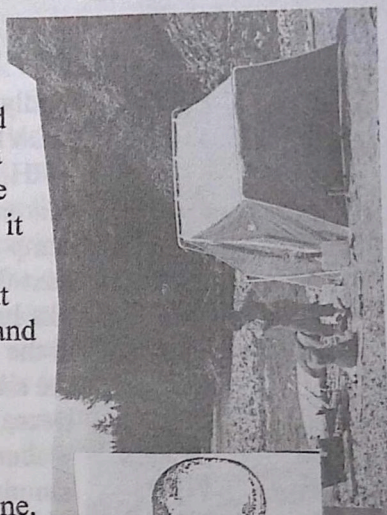
MONEY MANAGEMENT IS WHAT WE DO.*

TOO BIG TO FAIL?

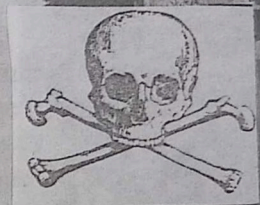
For example, once in The Great Boundary Waters Canoe Area..... we started early and paddled usually till around six in the evening with only a short lunch break. This July Fourth was a day that will forever be burned into my consciousness (think cows and hot iron, branding that is). It started hot/humid which is rare in that part of the world. Me and Doc were in the lead canoes. Followed by Colgan, Peewee, Chris, and faceless others; except for Davis. Davis was riding bitch (in the middle) because he had a bad wrist. You know how in every group activity there always one person that never pulls their weight, is always complaining about something, always being a pain in everyone's collective ass. Davis was that guy. Entire advanced, complicated, thought provoking sociological experiments have been done to figure out why this happens. They don't have a cure yet, but I won't lose hope. So we're paddling across Bass Wood Lake, our trip is nearly done, been out on the trail for about nine days or so. It's been one of the best groups, these kids are real workers and the adult leaders suit me fine. I can smell the rain



coming and big purple bruise clouds are darkening the sky. The air is dead calm for the moment and then I see a huge bolt of lightening strike the lake in the distance. Before you can think it happens again. I turn around Doc is blowing his whistle hastily looking at maps we locate a campsite close by and make towards the shore. Quickly we pitch a tarp and hunker down to wait out the deluge. Rain comes in sheets and torrents. Safely inside our impromptu shelter we survey the scene. Small branches rain down, Peewee and Colgon are busy looking in their Scout Handbook. What chapter does this situation fall under, The chapter entitled "Sudden Death" I reply with deadpan honesty. Small trees are starting to fall as wind blows harder and faster than anything I've ever seen. Limbs are hitting the roof of the tarp and we have to shout for anyone to be heard. It's a stunning sight, sheets of rain blowing practically side ways, bigger trees are starting to fall now, now I start to notice the tree our tarps lashed to is starting to get a bit closer to my head. It takes me a minute to figure out what's happening. Realizing were about to be crushed I panic and scream



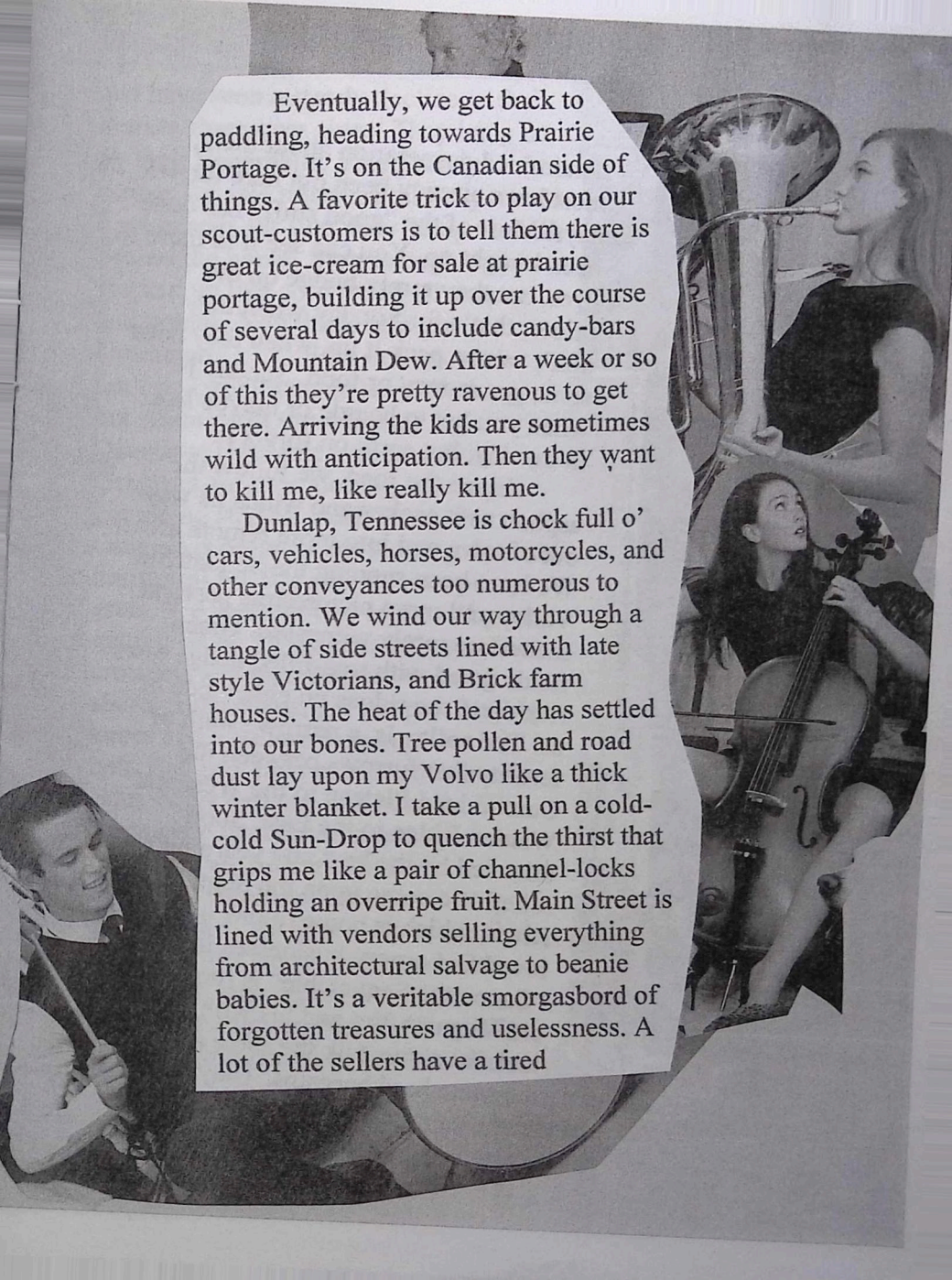
Single canoe carried this family with their cottage tent, bedrolls, propane stove and lantern, smaller equipment, clothing and food for long stay.



minimal antiques bouquet



loudly MOVE, MOVE.
MOVE.....TREES FALLING
AHHHHHH!!!! We grab most of the
gear and move into the middle of the
camp and dodge trees as a group for the
next thirty minutes or so. Minutes seem
like hours, the storm passes.....aghast
at the destruction we stare mutely into
the silent maw of destruction. Shattered
trees, limbs, uprooted land, in some
places it's as if the hand of God had
simply smacked the earth in a fury.
Yeah, it's bad, the worst storm on
record. The words inland hurricane
came to mind. Luckily the canoes were
unhurt by the storm, a miracle actually.
The next four – hours are spent digging
out our gear from underneath the trees
that almost fell on top of us. We spy a
few rangers with outboards patrolling
the lake looking for
distressed/displaced/misconstrued/conf
used persons. Suddenly the lake churns
and boils with a fury of unbridled hate.
People are starting to rise from the
slumber of Death. The Dead are Alive!!
I scream, loading my shotgun in
preparation for a final desperate
stand.....hahaha Just Kidding, this
ain't no Zombie Movie, this ain't no
Disco.



Eventually, we get back to paddling, heading towards Prairie Portage. It's on the Canadian side of things. A favorite trick to play on our scout-customers is to tell them there is great ice-cream for sale at prairie portage, building it up over the course of several days to include candy-bars and Mountain Dew. After a week or so of this they're pretty ravenous to get there. Arriving the kids are sometimes wild with anticipation. Then they want to kill me, like really kill me.

Dunlap, Tennessee is chock full o' cars, vehicles, horses, motorcycles, and other conveyances too numerous to mention. We wind our way through a tangle of side streets lined with late style Victorians, and Brick farm houses. The heat of the day has settled into our bones. Tree pollen and road dust lay upon my Volvo like a thick winter blanket. I take a pull on a cold-cold Sun-Drop to quench the thirst that grips me like a pair of channel-locks holding an overripe fruit. Main Street is lined with vendors selling everything from architectural salvage to beanie babies. It's a veritable smorgasbord of forgotten treasures and uselessness. A lot of the sellers have a tired



エダンサーを多くみかけるように
なったが、当時は珍しかったはず。

「男の子は僕一人でしたね (笑)」



新しいなアコーディオン奏者、c o

のドキドキする高揚感にすっかり

てしまっ

時、どうしても毎日舞台

と両親に頼み込み、なん

ニューヨークまで行って

毎日ブロードウェイの舞

れて本当に嬉しかった、

と笑うが、やりたいと思っ

て、積極的にアプロ

ていくスタイルは、今も昔もか

の服に着替えている国が好きに

ぜんぶ訪れてみたいですね (笑)

determined desperation about them, most have already been out here for 4-5 days. Most of the “good stuff” has done been bought up. You can see it in there eyes, but they rarely budge on the prices, that’s for Sunday when they don’t wanna pack it up, when they need some gas money or food. Sunday is when you get to haggle or maybe late in the day, but early on forget it.

Upon the road, we follow the asphalt as it snakes and winds its way out of town and into more remote areas. We have been running the Sequatchie Valley and more picturesque pastoral scenes are rarely witnessed. Green fields dotted with tree-filled hedge rows ride up to the ridges on either side of us. The valley is a narrow swath of fertility that furrows between the Cumberland Plateau to the West and Walden Ridge to the East. Soon blistered by the heat and yearning for relief. We come upon the Sequatchie River; which is home to one of the best loved and ornery businesses in the land, “Canoe the Sequatchie” is run by an old Vietnam Vet and his wife, who look the same, talk the same and drive the same hard bargains. They’ve been in the canoe business for many years

モーリス・ベジャール撮影「ボレロ」
◎長谷川清彦

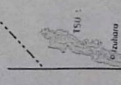
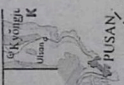
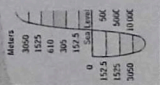
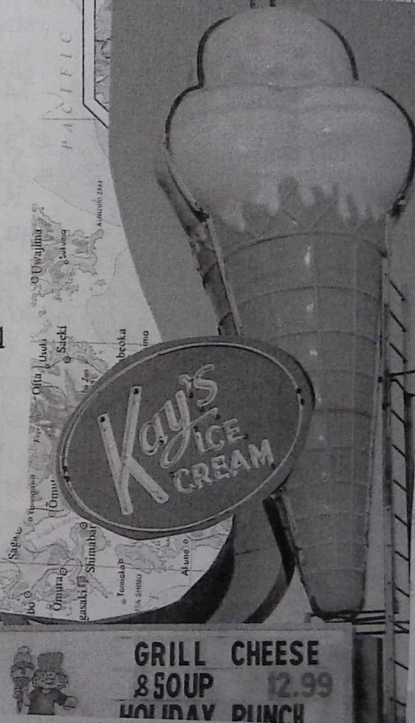
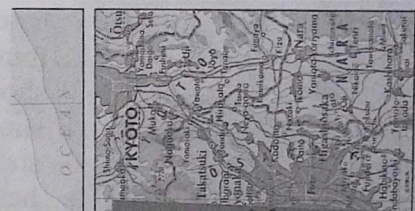
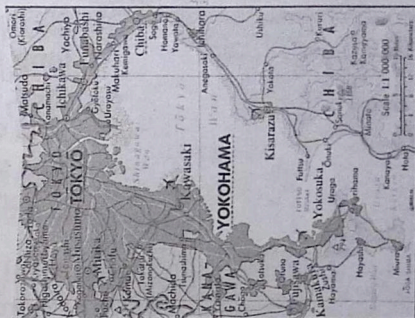


とどまるどころを知らない
冒険家のような新鋭

写真はM.ベジャール撮影「ボレロ」。主役を踊るダンサーは時代ごとに厳選される一流の証。シディ・ラルビ・シェルクワイの『アボグリフ』他、常に新しく多彩な“ダンス”への挑戦を続けている。小野寺修二 演出・振付「空白に落ちた男」はバントマイムの舞台。2009年1月14日～2月28日、ペニサン・ビットにて。

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and have seen a steady decline in their market share ever since. They hang on by their fingernails. You got any canoes for sale mister. You bet your ass I got canoes for sale, they're up the hill behind the house. Sure enough they're stacked up like cord wood all shapes and brands. You think he's got Grumman..... Why hell no, their ain't no Grummans in here. Nothing but Alumacraft (alumacrap) and Osagians. Hey wait a minute those Osagians are nice looking, they even got racing stripes. Yeah Garry that Osagian is pretty sharp looking. I mean despite all the fire ants it looks pretty great. We walk around in the tall grass, getting bit by all manner of bugs. The crotchety old man arrives, wearing shorts and sandals, got the pale knobby knees and a paunch lapping over his belt. Big gray tufts of hair stick out the sides of his ball cap and nostrils. We commence negotiations and about an hour later we lash an Ant Farm Infested Osagian Aluminum canoe to the top of my car. Then we take a dip in the river. Cold and wet we swim around. Cars pass us by, passengers wave, we give'em the finger. Just Kidding. We make a few more stops but it's late in



Soon everybody will be doing it.

15

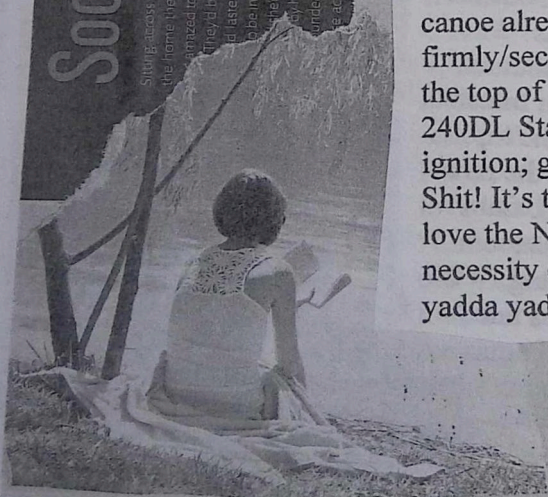


LA PERA

the day and we're low on cash. The long shadows of evening are making their presence known. Eventually we find our way back onto I-40 interstate and start the long ride back to Friendsville.

Cell phone alarms are fiends/devils from the pits of hell that must be ignored. I pound the snooze three or four times before trudging off to the shower. A shower's primary utility is to shock the body and mind into some sad state of coherence, get the day started. I hear the water boiling, get out of shower dry, dress, and pull on my favorite Vietnam Era Jungle Boots. Make coffee drink it too hot and too fast, burning the back of throat. Oh Yeah, that's it. I can see straight now. Rucksack is packed and ready throw in a few canteens and hit the door. Sturdy canoe already firmly/securely/competently lashed to the top of my amazing Silver Volvo 240DL Station Wagon. Turn the ignition; get in gear, the radio is ON. Shit! It's the NPR Fall Fundraiser, I do love the NPR and understand the necessity of giving and supporting and yadda yaddda blah blah. Do I give? No,

Sitting across the table from one another in the back of her car she was down next to her husband. They'd shared for thirty years, she could feel him for what they'd been here before in a marriage she'd tasted as long as he is, there were to be no more. The first was his, she had been offended less by his infidelity than by his lack of originality. The second united divorcee who moved into the same house as he did. His proposal, it would be across the street. With her misty, her hair at



but you know what I've just guilted myself into it. Seriously. On they drone, "If you've never considered giving and we have 70, 000 ears out there, no wait that would be times two wouldn't.....yes, yes it would Regina.....OK so we got 140,000 ears out there. On they talk, and all I want is some of that high quality latest breaking impartial news they keep bragging about. Driving through Knoxville on my way to pick up Lily I run smack dab into the breast cancer runners. Streets are blocked, cops are everywhere, I contemplate driving down the wrong way on a one way street, cutting through a parking lot and backing down an alley to get onto Jackson Avenue. Thank the heavens calmer reasoning prevails.

Lily's sitting on the porch, she is my de facto canoe buddy. We share a common bond with the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of Minnesota. For hours we sit and discuss the minutia of canoes, canoe paddles, various strokes, and all manner of issues related to canoe fandom. Anyway, up she jumps and soon were bustin' down Alcoa Highway, heading towards the Mighty Foothills Parkway. I drink my coffee



HEADING SOUTH
ON CHAPMAN HWY
SOUTH KNOXVILLE
1993



18



EL VIOLONCELLO

like a meth fiend and drive madly down the highway. The station wagon careens madly, weaving in and out of traffic. Lily sits calmly. We breeze through Maryville and head East on Highway 321/73 towards the GSMNP at the appropriate sign (well marked) we hit the Foothills Parkway. The sky is a desolation of heavy gray, the clouds seem heavy and immobile, wind is chill and cool. We climb into the mountains in silence. The trees, a brilliant show of vibrancy; oranges, bright ochre reds, and yellows mixed with evergreens make for a rich palate of color. Few are met on this bleaksome day. Stopping at one of the many overlooks we take in the long view Happy Valley stretched out below feeding itself into Lake Chilhowie. Mountains roll into the distant haze, visibility is more than adequate.

Minutes later we're parking at a lake access point along Highway 129. Affectionately known as "The Dragon", this highway makes its way from Maryville all the way into Robbinsville, NC. This route is immensely popular with black-clad-leather the open road is my salvation motor-cycle culture. Highway 129 is

3

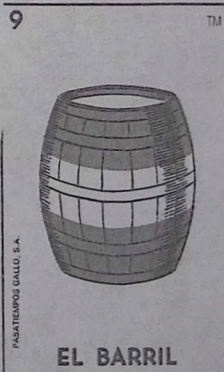
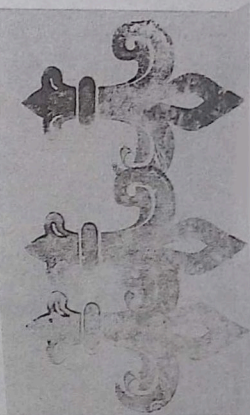
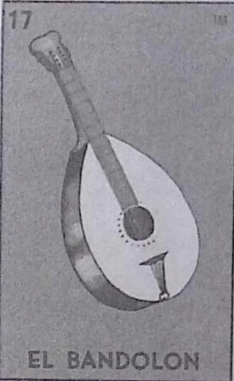


LA DAMA

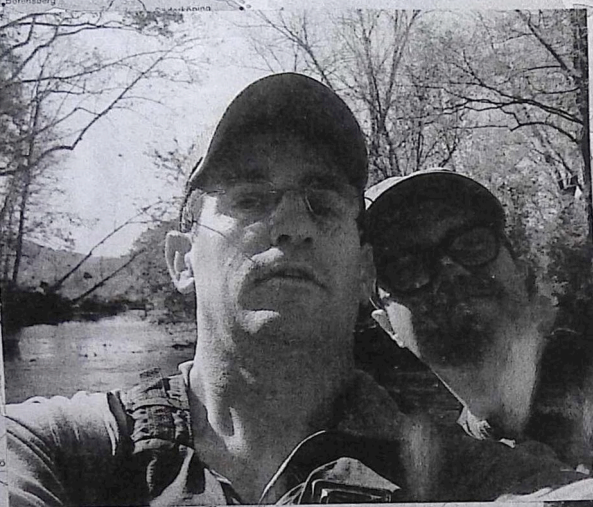
well known, much beloved, and greatly feared for its many twists and turns, some can recite their names and the exact number as some would do Bible verses. Wrecks on this stretch of asphalt are as common as colds. As far I'm concerned it's a Litany of Horror it's probably got over 300 turns in it, I get nauseous just thinking about it. Let's just say it's the only road in East Tennessee with an emergency helicopter landing pad.

We put the canoe into the water, but not before chatting up a couple from Indiana. When you've gotta canoe like mine, everybody and their granny wants to tell you a story or ask where you got it, and how much did you give for it. It's all I can do to contain my seething rage and invective. We talk about Abrams Creek and what to avoid, stay to the left we are cautioned.

Paddling, paddling the water is rough; the canoe hits the wakes in stride. Not another boat is visible. We make steady progress, heading due south east. Passing under the bridge almost immediately the wind dissipates. We're met with ridges on either side. Sawmill ridge to the West

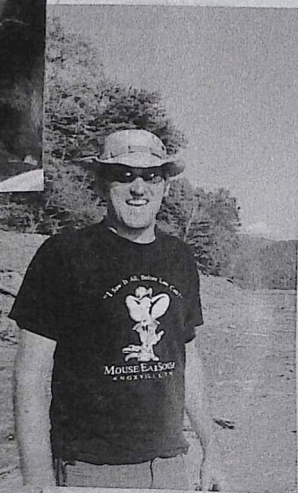


Norrköping
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Skövde
Tranås
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Eksjö
Vetlanda
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Rättvik
Örebro
Åre
Emmaboda
Ryd
dala
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Karlskrona
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Szum
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Gdańsk
Toruń
Kalisz
Koszów
Ląd
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Dobre
Miastko
Sępólno
Górowo
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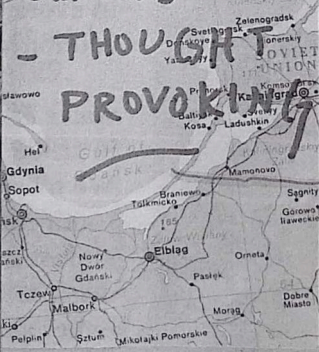


JEFF
- EL PRESIDENT
GARRY
- TROUBLE
MAKER

JOEL
- MASTER AT ARMS



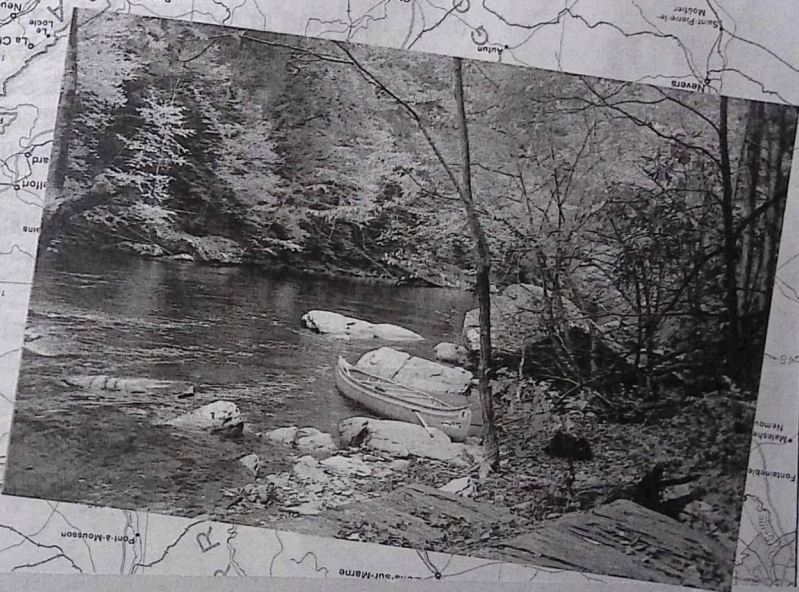
CLAIRE
- THOUGHT
PROVOKING

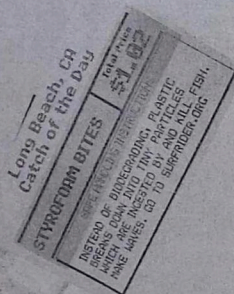
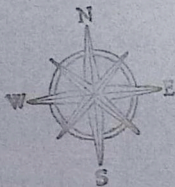




LILY
↓
STUNT
WOMAN

SOUTH KNOXVILLE CANOE
CLUB AT LARGE





and Tarkin ridge to the East. We paddle smooth and silently, timing the strokes to get the most out of our paddling. The person in the stern not only guides the canoes direction but seeks to time their stroke with the person sitting in the bow. This maximizes fun and efficiency. Approaching a fork in the river we veer to the left and around the bend. Complete solitude is upon us. No traffic, no congestion just the lake, mountains, and sky. I'm always overcome with the tremendous urge to go forward around the next bend. To lose yourself in the immensity of the woods listening to the silences, the birds, the wind in the trees. I enjoy getting out and seeing what's to see, you never know what you'll find. Some call it wonder lust, for me I call it a necessity. It grounds me and keeps the insanity at bay; it clears my head and puts me at ease. Being in the woods makes the hell of labor/daily grind more palatable.

I remember me and Dad would go walking in the woods. We had matching hats. Blaze orange hunting hats, the kind you can't get anymore they were styled like dress hats but they were bright orange. We'd always wear

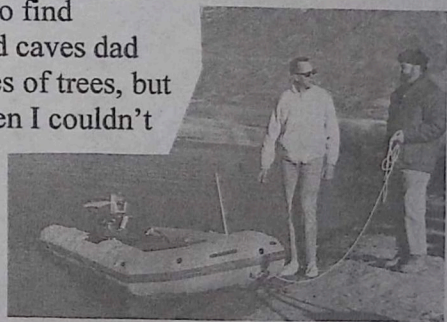
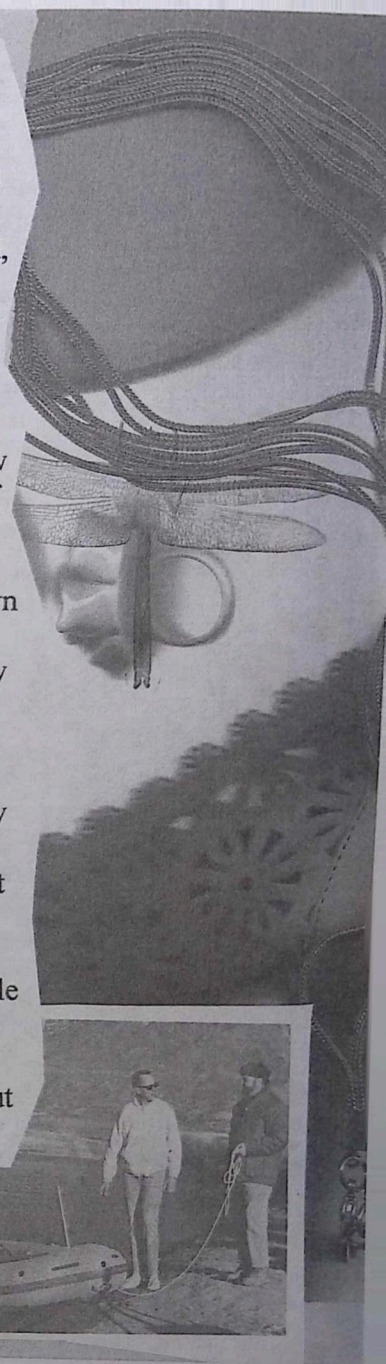
Global capitalism is in crisis and morphing into something new. Mega-brands are losing market share as people question the values they stand for and the power they have over our lives. Now a new kind of coal is bubbling up. It's about a greener, more local, more politically charged way of living, and it starts with dumping megabrands and flowing your money into the small, indy stores and websites that are now popping up everywhere. Join us in unswathing the swoosh and creating a vibrant, new kind of capitalism that actually works.

CULTURAL REBIRTH

them when we went walking. Driving in his old brown GMC Pick-up taking Highway 41S to "The Mountain", actually the Cumberland Plateau, we'd sit and chew tobacco. Daddy had quit smoking, but taken up chewing instead, and me being 7 years old it was ok for me to chew tobacco, as long as we were driving down the road, and momma wasn't around. I knew better than to tell.

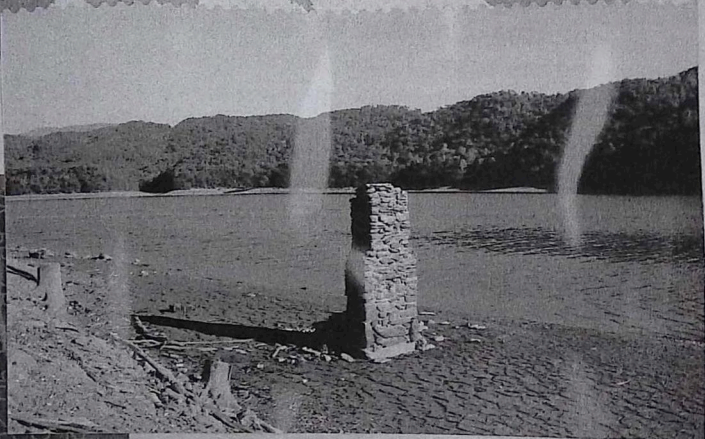
My father is a short fellow standing about 5'7" or so, a product of depression-era nutrition. He attired himself usually in a short-sleeved polyester jump suit, baby blue or brown depending on his mood. For the first twelve years of my life I never saw my Dad laugh. Looking back, as I'm fond of doing Dad was always mad, it was as if vehemence and sarcasm seethed and coursed through his tortured ropery limbs and body. Yeah my childhood could be a little tense at times. All that said, we did have a lot of truly great moments.

Dad always knew a couple of trails to hit and we'd go find waterfalls, sink holes, and caves dad would teach me the names of trees, but he'd get so impatient when I couldn't



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ENTRY

ELEVATOR

KITCHEN
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TERRACE
0.0' X 0.0'

BEDROOM
11.0' X 15.0'

BEDROOM
11.0' X 10.0'



remember every one. That man could name trees like a man possessed. Dad would scold, "Now son I just showed you a Hackberry.....". Despite his best efforts we had a blast; sitting on logs eating pimento-cheese sandwiches, drinking water from cold mountain streams, listening to birds, talking about Gods creation. It's funny because every time I travel in the woods or go anywhere really I'm reminded of those trips we'd take and so maybe in a way he goes with me, which for me is really great cause Dad doesn't can't get out much anymore.

Up the Abrams creek, keeping a sharp look-out, we're marveling at the silence and the lack of wilderness activity when a Kingfisher flies in low and fast checking us out and circling us like a fighter plane. The bird is really fast. Next, I spy a critter swimming up ahead. I can make out his little head and sleek wet body. BEAVER! Oh look, look I whisper..... It's a B-E-A-V-E-R!!!! It's been a while since I've seen one of these creatures, and I'm excited. We watch it glide gracefully by. It dives. Paddling on a few moments later there's a thunderous whack as the



TERRACE
200 X 150

3D 4D 6D 7D
36 6B 8C

Laura air up her truck tires, that done. We load up in Joel's truck and make our way back into the hinterlands of Blount County. Joel was bred and reared in these parts, and so along the way I had to listen to all manner of stories. Once Jhonny Ringo and Tony Darvin got in a fight at this Quick-Stop and every one skipped school to watch it, traffic was backed up all the way down to Parsons Creek. Two hours of that. Arriving at Chilhowie we are met with all manner of individuals trolling the lake bottom. It's a Saturday afternoon family thing to do. People walking around picking up cans to recycle, looking off the bridge, or just taking in the abysmal scenery of a dried, muddy, and vacuous lake bottom. AWESOME. Joel and I hit the lake full speed and try not to sink into the rotten mud that smells like a never changed over flowing litter box. What a stench. "Shores you're the shit that killed Elvis!" Joel says as I find a nearly pristine steel can of our favorite tasty beverage "PBR". Joel grabs one and we mime popping tops and chugging suds. People stare. We walk over to an old, intact, bridge that's usually under about forty feet of water.

Guess the words defined below and write their numbered dashes. Then transfer each to the correspondingly numbered square in the grid. Black squares indicate word endings. The first letter of the word ending is in the pattern will contain a quotation reading to right. The first letters of the guessed words form an acrostic giving the author's name and title of the work.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY BATHYON

ACROSTIC

one.com/puzzle/learning/words/

12 Heated

11 Discriminating

10 Of fast times?

9 RR ship

Village. Abbr.

53 French-aimed

city on Galveston

67 Carter soldier

67 Carter soldier

67 Carter soldier

67 Carter soldier

67 Carter soldier

C. Handy items in a hot spot (2 wds.)

80 111 124 56 164 48 96 137 34

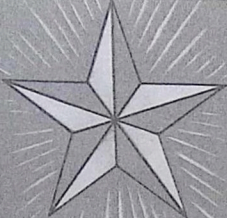
D. In a folksy, old-timey style, as wit or cooking (hyph.)

49 122 79 106 25 67 134 92

E. Great tree at the center of the universe, in Norse mythology

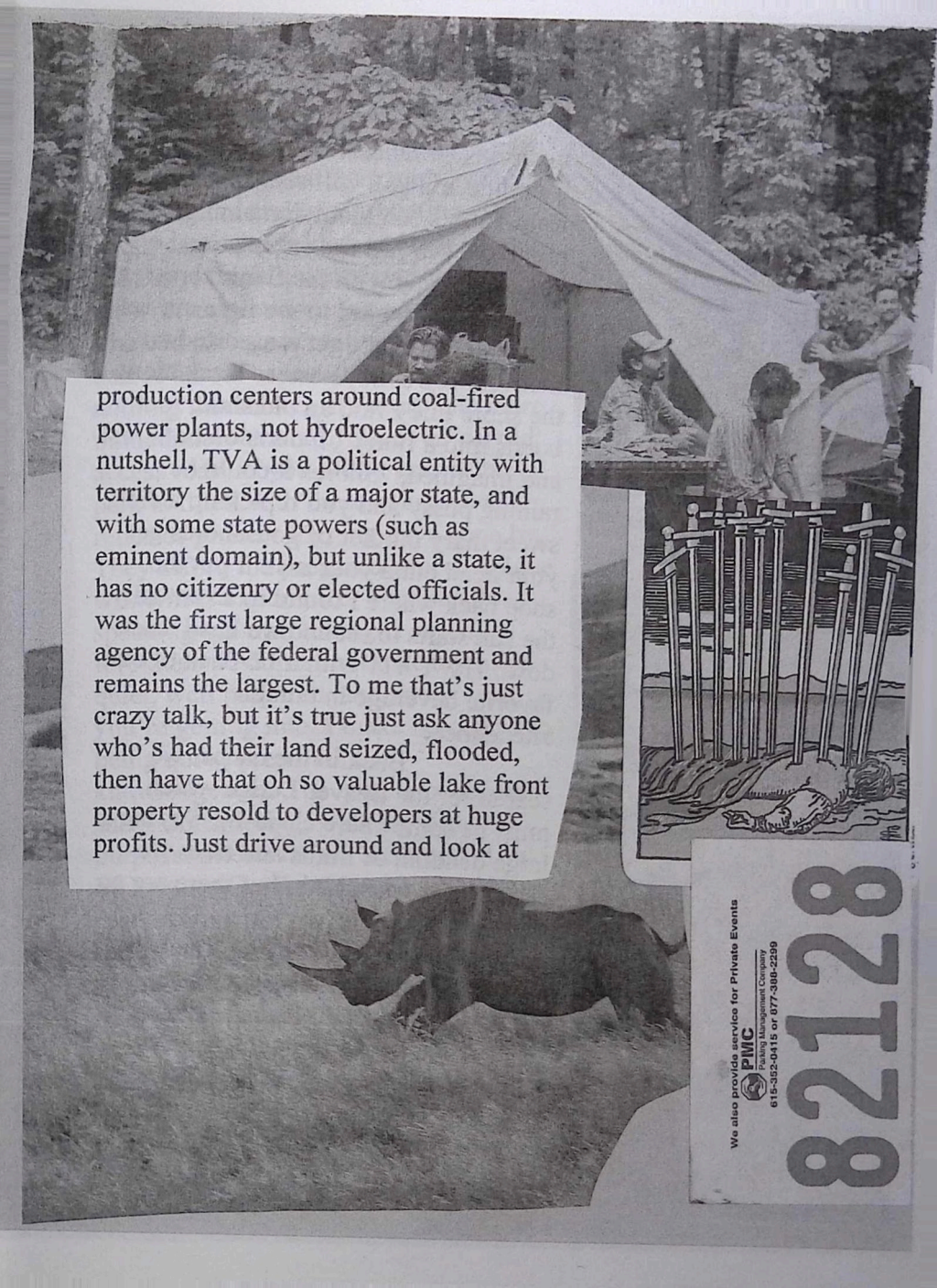
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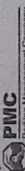
The back half of a truck lays across it. Actually there are quite a few vehicles laying about, a van catches our eye. It's got a rope tied from the steering wheel to the door, luckily we don't find any remains. We find some old foundations and a really cool stone chimney. A few old timers are standing around, "Jones store used to be right here" or "that was the old Edsel place". We spend hours walking up and down the lake bed, marveling at the insanity of it all. TVA flooded this area in the late 1970's for some reason nobody remembers, probably some claim about cheap electricity, actually most of their power





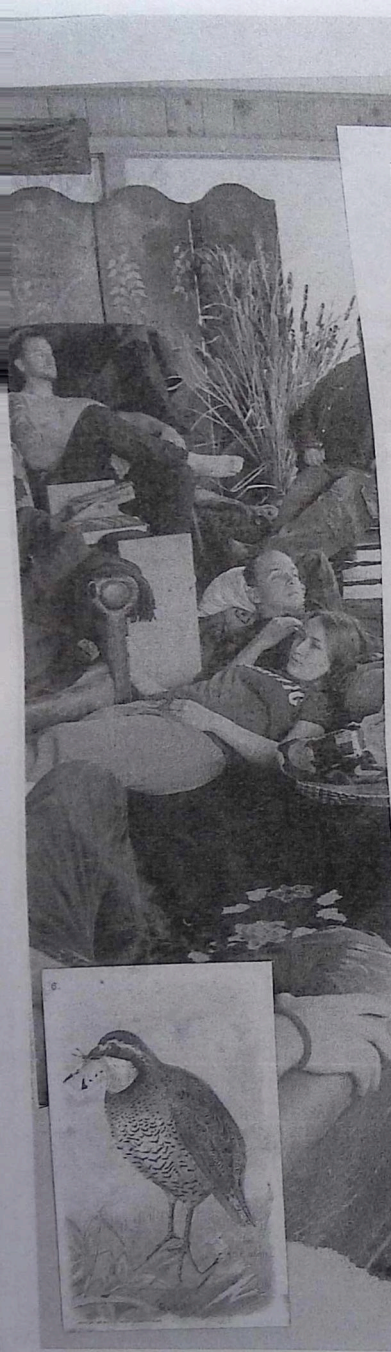
production centers around coal-fired power plants, not hydroelectric. In a nutshell, TVA is a political entity with territory the size of a major state, and with some state powers (such as eminent domain), but unlike a state, it has no citizenry or elected officials. It was the first large regional planning agency of the federal government and remains the largest. To me that's just crazy talk, but it's true just ask anyone who's had their land seized, flooded, then have that oh so valuable lake front property resold to developers at huge profits. Just drive around and look at

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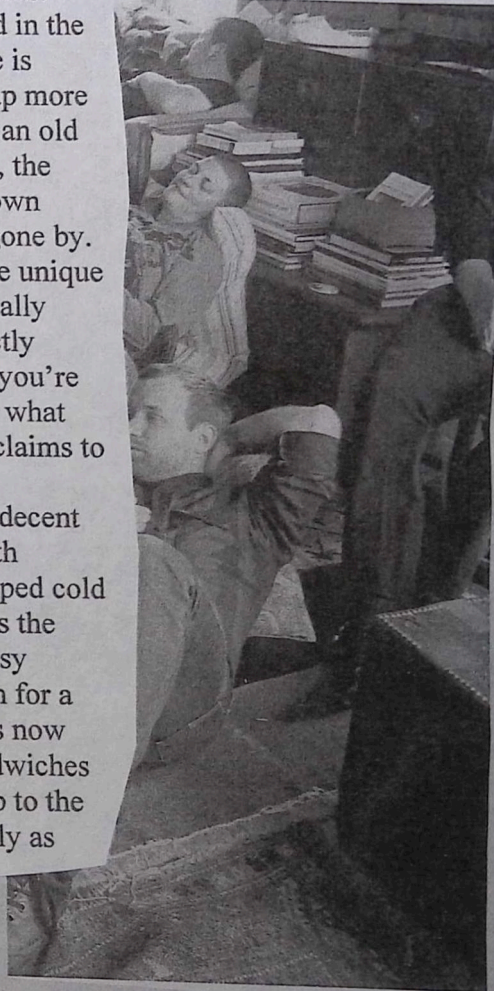


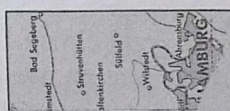
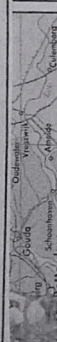
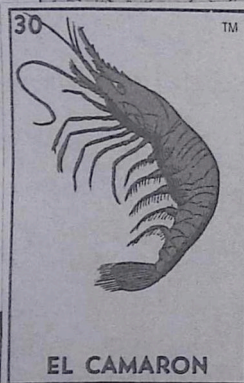
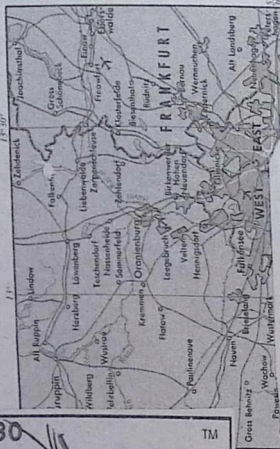
luxurious "McMansions" decorating the shoreline and you will see who benefits from TVA's "eminent domain". Don't mind me, I'm just the crazy pissed off blue-collar guy with the flame thrower, move along nothing to see here ma'am move along. Don't get me started on that coal-ash spill disaster. Back along the shore line I find an old shoe, Joel bursts into a flurry of derision both real and imagined, "Shores it could be raining pussy and you'd pick up a dick, sweet mary mother of god Shores get your head outta your ass!" I put the shoe back where I found it. Eventually, the sun starts to set and we head back down HWY 411 with a 12-Pack of our favorite beverage in humble attendance.

Back in the canoe, we search for the Beaver Lodge which must be somewhere close-by. Spying a large deadfall of limbs and trees we assume that must be it, but there are no obvious signs of tree-gnawing/consumption. Unanimously we head up the other branch of the creek. Best I can tell its called Panther Branch, we pass a few other canoe enthusiasts, pleasing pleasantries are exchanged. The water is shallower here

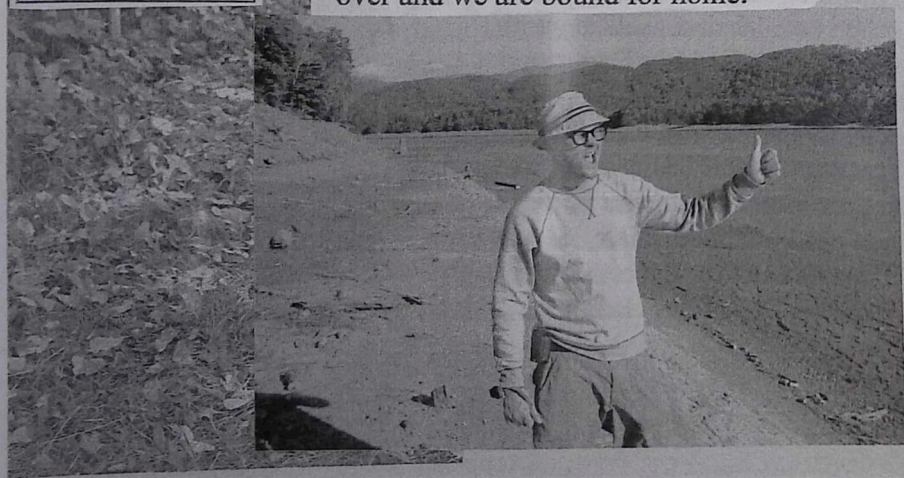


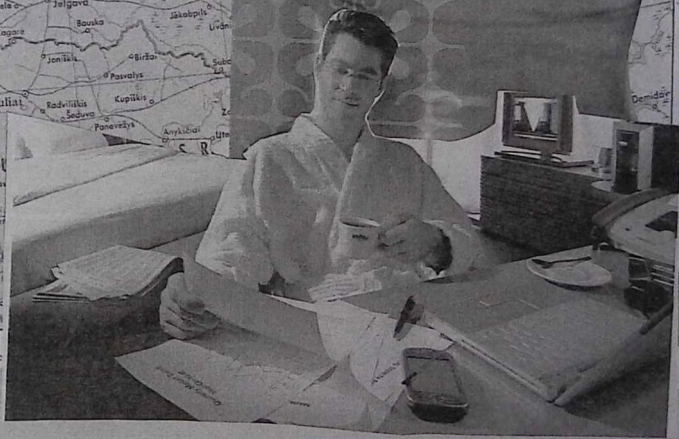
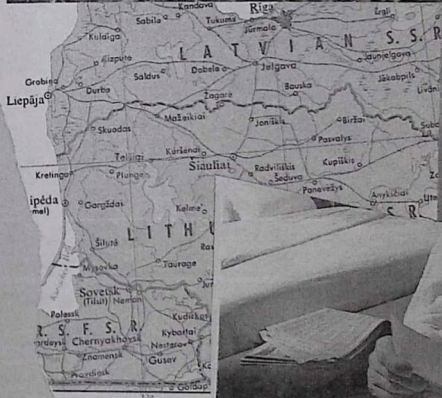
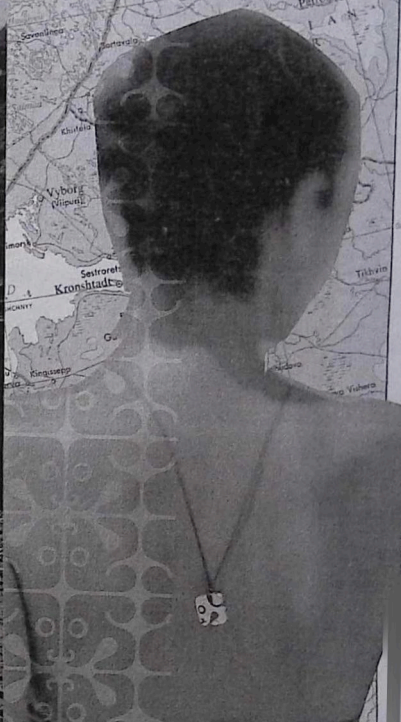
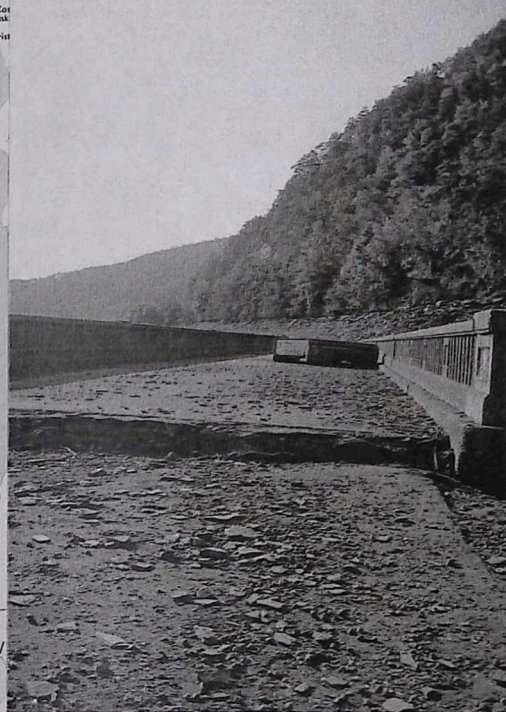
and we pass by great clots of mud/leaves free floating, we push past. Again we meet shallow rapids, signaling the end of our boating. The better campsite is located on this small tributary; it has a well developed fire pit with ample room for a few tents. The campsite is actually situated in the bed of an old access road. There is nothing that makes my heart leap more immediately than to "discover" an old access road. If you didn't know, the park is filled with these overgrown relics of pioneer/logging days gone by. They afford the prepared a more unique wilderness experience. Technically speaking off-trail hiking is strictly forbidden so don't do it unless you're quiet, well prepared, and know what you're getting into. I make no claims to being quiet, prepared, or knowledgeable. The road is in decent shape considering, walking with purpose, after a bit we are stopped cold by Panther Creek which bisects the road, waters up too high for easy fording. Damn! I vow to return for a proper exploration. Our bellies now heavily laden with PB&J Sandwiches we shove off for the return trip to the landing. The going is not nearly as



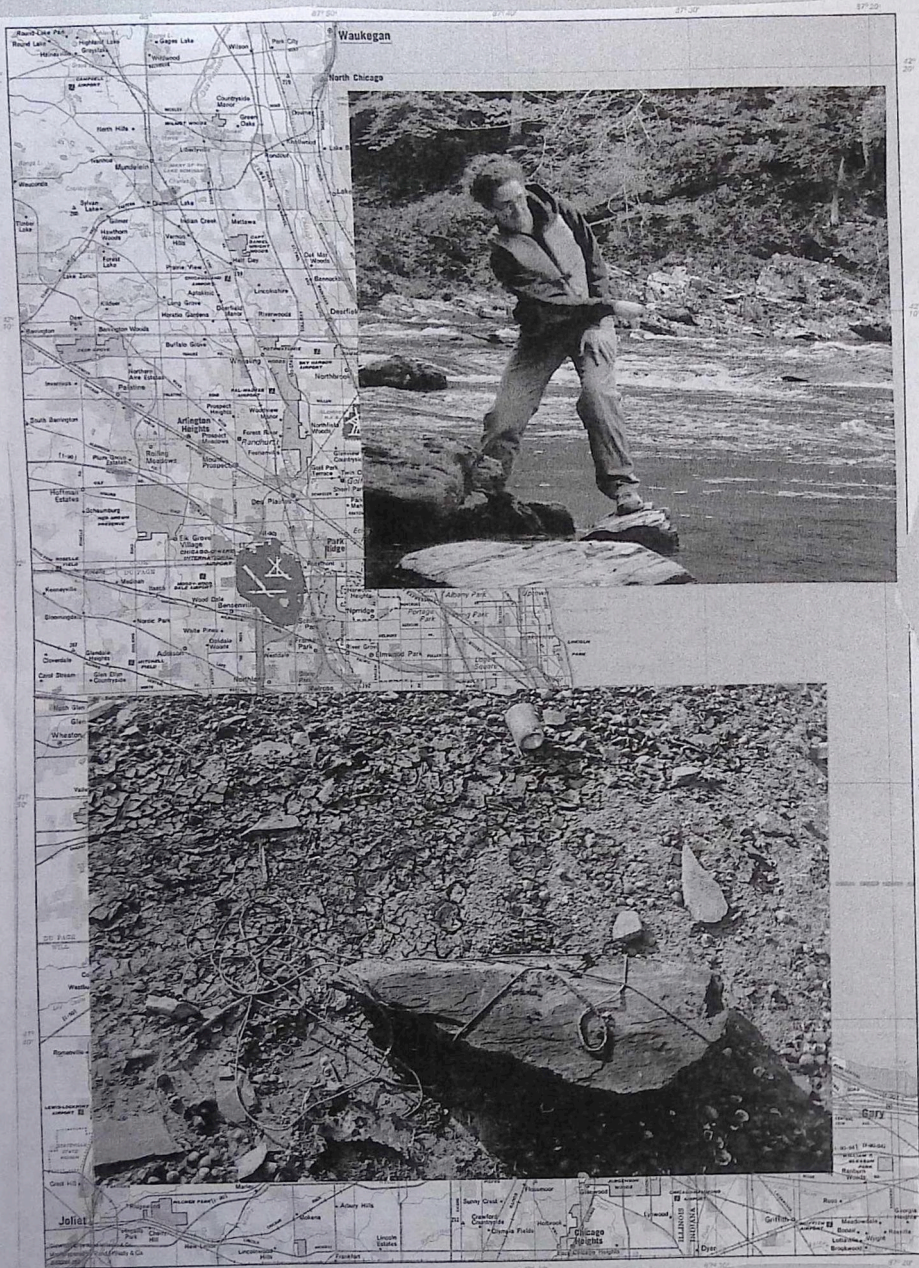


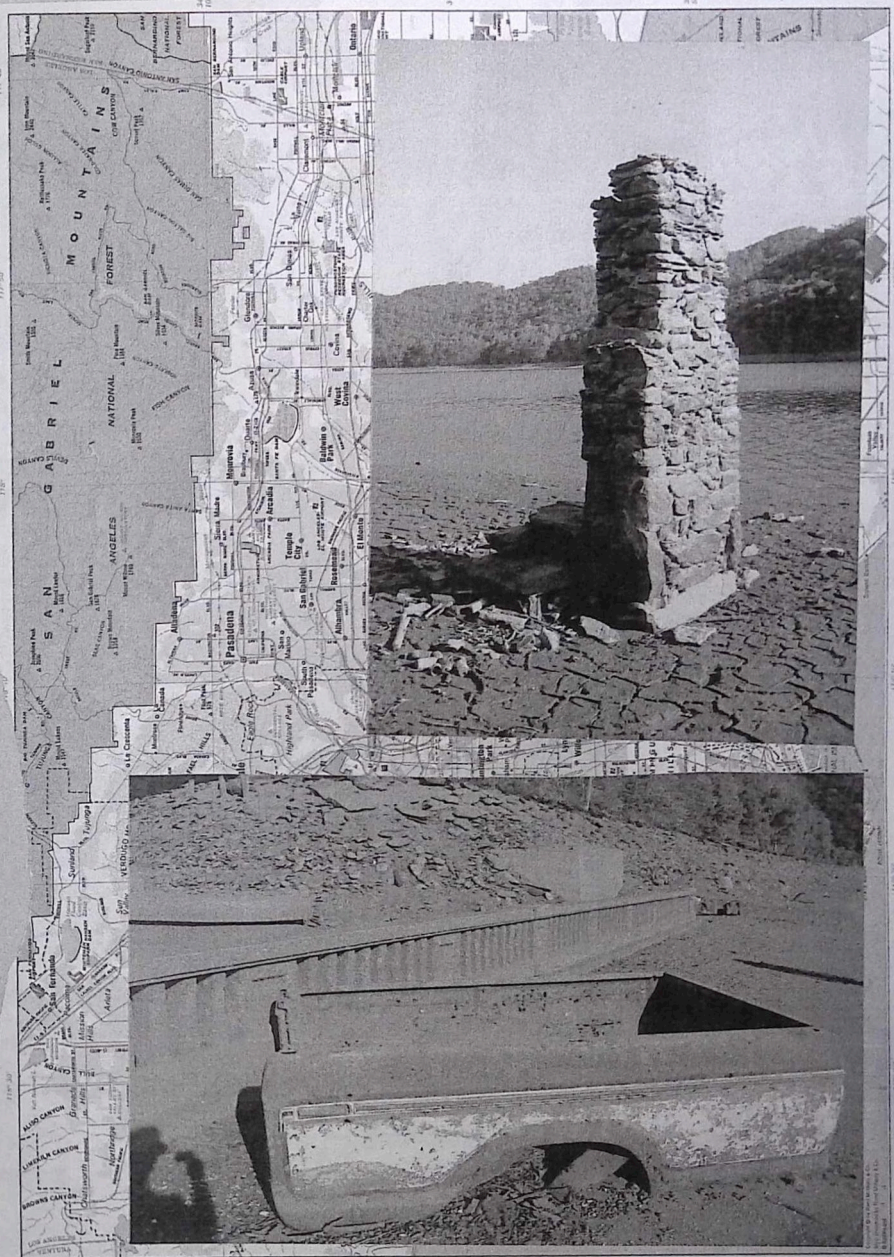
rough. Before long were humming down the beaten asphalt of HWY 129, the radio hums, my mind wanders over the lakes and fields as we zip at a vigorous clip. We pass folks fishing off bridges, soon a gas station pops up, crowded with motorcycle tourists. Abandoned houses, stare silently at nothing, we pass by farms and homes old and new vying for a scenic view and the idea of “living” in the mountains. Funny thing is when you ask these people about mountains, trails, and creeks they rarely keep up the conversation. Some are content to live in the simple comfort of their homes of material desperation. The windows down, fresh clean air washes over and we are bound for home.





one inch to 64 miles. Conic Project



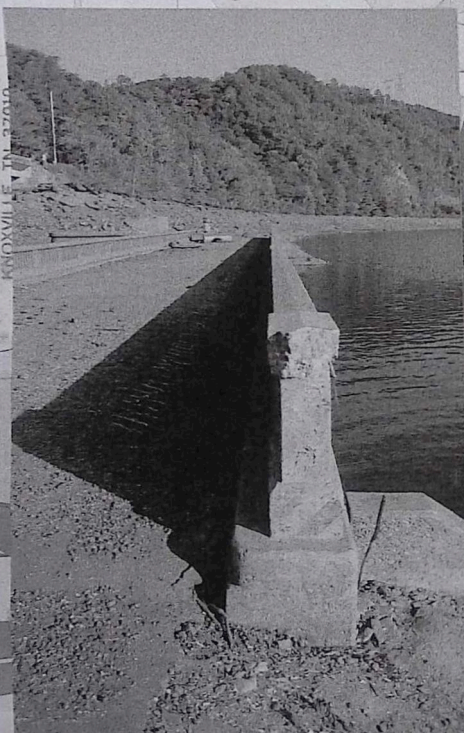


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AGILE



RELAX IN
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WITH FISH

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RESOURCES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS CANOIST:

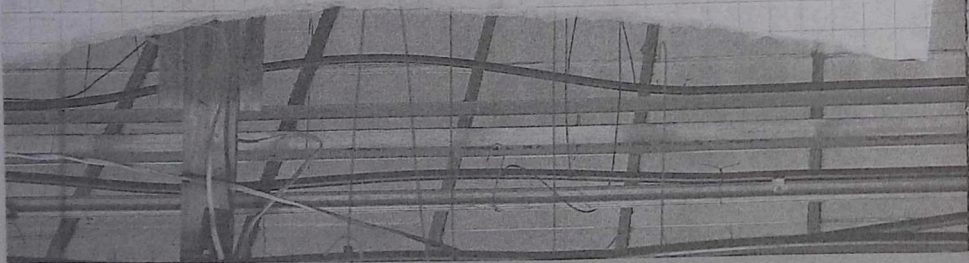
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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAILS ILLUSTRATED
781 = TELLICO & OCOEE RIVERS

US GEOLOGICAL SURVEY MAP
CALDER WOOD, TENN - NC

GOOD TRIPS AROUND AND ABOUT

- 7 ISLANDS to ISLAND HOME
ABOUT 20 MILES
- ABRAMS CREEK - PUT IN AT
CHILL HOWEE LAKE
- TELLICO RIVER = PUT IN ??? NOT SURE
ASK JEFF SMITH



YOU'VE PROBABLY ALL BEEN JUST BESIDES
YOURSELVES IN FEAR WONDERING WHAT
I DO WITH ALL MY FREE TIME WELL YOU
CAN BET YOUR SWEET ASS IT AIN'T
HOUSE CLEANIN OR YARD MOWING BUT
I DID CLEAN OUT MY GUTTERS HERE'S
THE LIST

- BLACK SMITHING - My Friend
Charlie is learning me HOW
- RUNNING - not enough
- HARBORING A CREEPING
PARANOID
- MAKING BREAD FROM
SCRATCH
- PERFORMING MAINTANANCE
ON MY TREASURED
VOLVO 240 DL STATION WAGON
replaced plugs/plug wires/distributor
= what nots
- HIKING - HOUSE MOUNTAIN
= PORTERS CREEK TRAIL

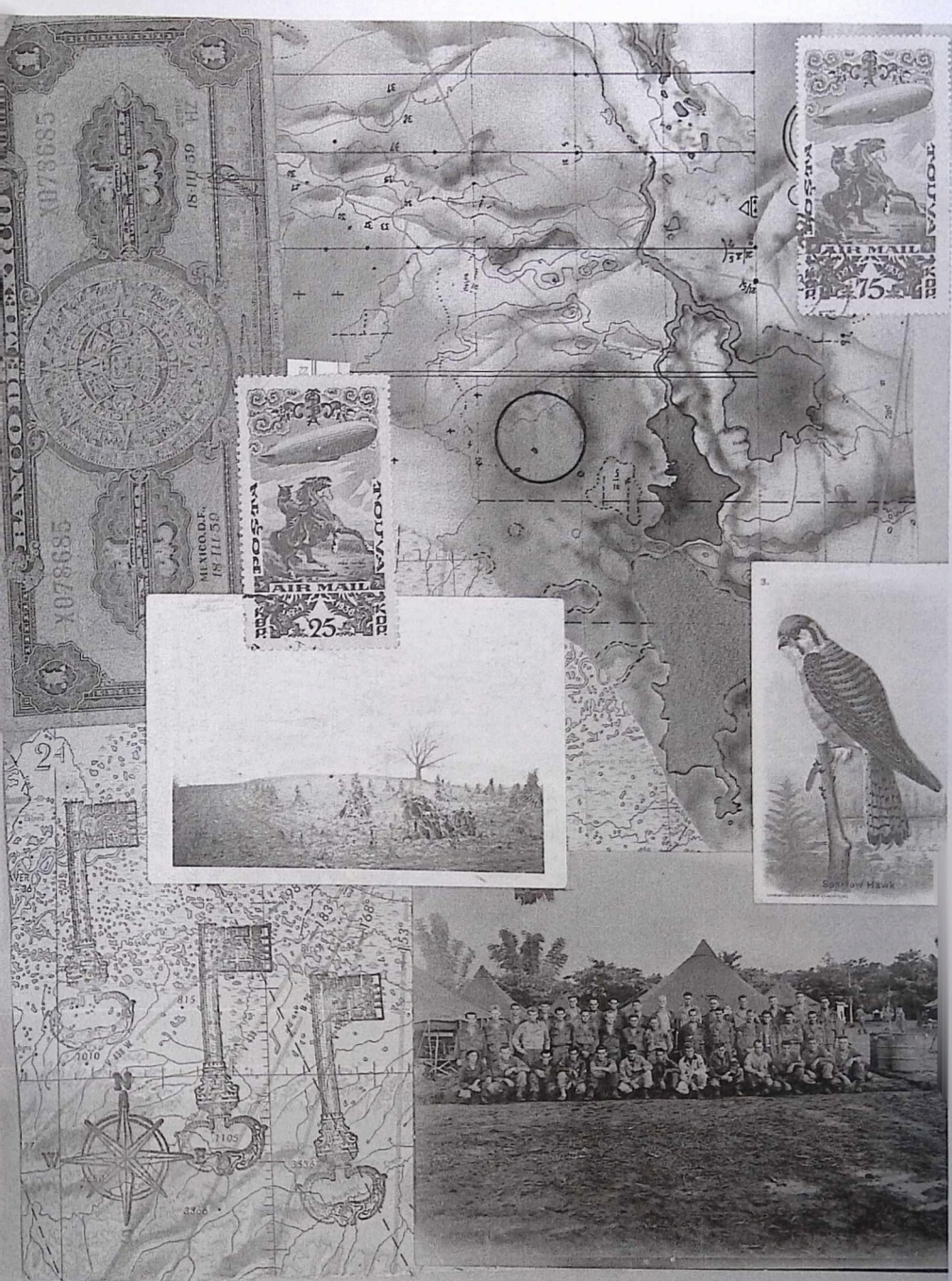
FARE THEE WELL YOU HAVE
SURVIVED YET ANOTHER EN-
COUNTER WITH THIS MIGHTY BASTION
OF SCHOLARSHIP & DARING DO !!!
OR HAVE YOU ???

I WISH TO WISH YOU AND YOURS A
A HAPPY & MERRY:

"XMAHANAUANA-GIVING"

My NEW & AMAZINGLY LUMPY YET
REFINED & DECIDEDLY CONFLATULATED
HOLIDAY

ANOTHER YEAR IS ALMOST BEHIND US
~~THE~~ THE NEW YEAR LOONS IN FRONT
OF US LIKE A TASTY ~~SEA~~ SNACK -
CAKE - SANDWICH
WATCH-OUT IT'S TRIPLE
DELKED



THE SOUTH KNOXXXVILLE CANOE SOCIETY

HOLRYE

REDEYE

GIVE ME

PADDLE OR GIVE ME BEER

